

SONG.

By O. W. HOLMES.

Song by the Author at the Boston Dinner to "Boz."

Air—Gramachree.

The stars their early vigils keep.

The silent hours are near,

When drooping eyes forget to weep—

Yet still we linger here.

And what—the passing churl may ask—

Can claim such wondrous power,

That toil forgets his wonted task?

And love his promised hour?

The Irish harp no longer thrills,

Or breathes a fainter tone—

The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,

Alas! 'tis more is blown;

And passion's burning lip bewails

Her Harold's wasted fire,

Still lingering over the dust that veils

The Lord of England's lyre.

But grieve not o'er its broken strings,

Nor think its soul had died,

While yet the lark at Heaven's gate sings,

As once o'er Avon's tide—

While gentle summer sheds her bloom

And dewy blossoms wave

Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb

And Nelly's nameless grave.

Thou glorious island of the sea—

Though wide the wasting flood

That parts our distant land from thee—

We claim thy generous blood;

Nor o'er thy fair horizon springs

One hallowed star of fame,

But kindles, like an angel's wings,

Our western skies in flame!

The Boston Dinner to "Boz."

The dinner given to CHARLES DICKENS by the Young Men of Boston on the 1st instant must have been a splendid affair. The company consisted of about two hundred. Among those present as invited guests were His Honor the Mayor, President QUINCY, WASHINGTON ALLSTON, RICHARD H. DANA, GEORGE BANCROFT, S. T. GRATTAN, W. H. GARDNER, FRANKLIN DEXTER, Judge WARREN, Dr. BIGELOW, Dr. PALFREY, &c. Hon. JOSEPH QUINCY, Jr., presided, assisted by O. W. HOLMES, GEORGE S. HILLIARD, EDWARD G. LORING and J. T. STEVENSON as Vice Presidents.

After the cloth was removed, the President announced the object of the festival in an appropriate Speech of mingled humor and pathos. He alluded to the feeling of warm welcome which had greeted Mr. DICKENS on his first arrival, and to the feeling of sympathy and admiration by which this was to be explained. "Why should we not welcome him as a friend?" said he. "Have we not walked with him in every scene of varied life? Have we not together investigated, with Mr. Pickwick, the theory of Littlebott? Have we not traveled together in the 'Markis of Granby' with old Weller on the box, and his son Samivel on the diekey? Have we not been rock shooting with Mr. Winkle, and courting with Mr. Tupman? Have we not played cribbage with 'the Marchioness' and quaffed the rosy with Dick Swiveller? Tell us not of Anti-magnetism. We, and thousands of our countrymen, have, for years, been eating and talking, riding and walking, dancing and sliding, drinking and sleeping, with our distinguished guest, and he never knew one of us. Is it wonderful that we are delighted to see him, and to return in a measure, his unbound hospitality? Boz a stranger! Well may we again exclaim, with Sir John Falstaff, 'D'ye think we didn't know ye? We knew ye as well as him that made ye.'

Mr. QUINCY concluded by giving as a toast "Health, Happiness and a hearty welcome to CHARLES DICKENS."

This toast was received with tremendous applause. As soon as the cheering had subsided, Mr. Dickens responded with the following Address, which he delivered in a warm, fluent and manly tone:

"Gentlemen: If you had given this splendid entertainment to anyone else in the whole wide world, if I were to-night to exult in the triumph of my dearest friend—if I stood here upon my defense, to repel any unjust attack—it would appear as a stranger to your generosity and kindness as the freest people on the earth—I could, putting some restraint upon myself, stand among you as Beethove[n] and unmoved as I should be alone in my own room in England. But when I have the echoes of your cordial greeting ringing in my ears—when I see your kind faces beaming a welcome so warm and earnest as never Man had, I feel—it is my nature—so vanquished and subdued that I have hardly fortitude enough to thank you. If your President, instead of pouring forth that delightful mixture of humor and pathos, which you have just heard with so much delight, had been but a caustic, ill-natured man—if he had only been a dull one—if I could only have doubted or distrusted him or you—I should have had my wits at my fingers' ends, and, using them, could have held you at arms' length. But you have given me no such opportunity; you take advantage of me in the tenderest point; you give me no chance of playing at company or holding you at a distance, but flock about me like a host of brothers, and make this place like home. Indeed, gentlemen, indeed, if it be natural and allowable for each of us, on his own hearth, to express his thoughts in the most homely fashion, and to appear in his plainest garb, I have a fair claim upon you, to let me do so to-night, for you have made my home an Aladdin's Palace. You fold so tenderly within your breasts that common household lamp in which my feeble fire is all enshrouded, and at which my flickering torch is lighted up, that straighten my household gods take wing, and are transported here. And whereas it is written of that fairy structure that it never moved without two shocks—one when it rose, and one when it settled down—I can say of mine that, however sharp a tug it took to pluck it from its native ground, it struck at once an easy, and a deep, and lasting root into this soil; and loved it as its own. I can say more of it, and say with truth, that long before it moved, or had chance of moving, its master—perhaps from some secret sympathy between its timbers, and a certain stately tree that has its being hereabout, and spreads its broad branches far and wide—dreamed by day and night, for years, of setting foot upon this shore, and breathing this pure air. And, trust me, gentlemen, that if I had wandered here, unknown and unknown, I would—if I knew my own heart—have come with all my sympathies clustering as richly about this land and people—with all my sense of justice as keenly alive to their high claims on every man who loves God's image—with all my energies as fully bent on judging for myself, and speaking out, and telling in my sphere the truth, as I do now, when you rain down your welcomes on my head."

Our President has alluded to those writings which have been my occupation for some years past; and you have received his allusions in a manner which assure me—if I needed any such assurance—that we are old friends in the spirit, and have been in close communion for a long time.

It is not easy for a man to speak of his own books. I dare say that few persons have been more interested in mine than I; and if it be a general principle in nature that a lover's love is blind, and that a mother's love is blind, I believe it may be said of an author's attachment to the creatures of his own imagination, that it is a perfect model of constancy and devotion, and is the blindest of all. I have always had, and always shall have, an ear, and a true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I have always had, and always shall have, an invincible repugnance to that mole-eyed philosophy which loves the darkness, and winds and scowls in the light. I believe that Virtue shows quite as

well in rags and patches, as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external nature claims some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she dwells rather often in alleys and by-ways than she does in courts and palaces; and that it is good, and pleasant, and profitable, to track her out, and follow her. I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten, and too often misused, and to say to the people that his Music is not incorrect, as has been reported, but is the same and printed from the same plates as ever, is a great service to the poor. I believe that Music is entitled at its store and found to be incomparable, and the money refunded. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. C. T. GESLAINE, 72 Nassau-st.

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